

THE ARIEL.

A SEMI-MONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE-SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING,

RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 10.

FOR THE ARIEL.

A THOUGHT.

The streamlet from yon mountain foot,
Winds gently through the lowly dale;
And hums its wild responsive note
In cadence with the morning gale.
The birds are singing in the grove
Their softest, sweetest, native lay,
And carolling their song of love,
To hail the smiling infant day.

That green grove will as gaily bloom,
That rippling brook as gently flow,
When I am mould'ring in the tomb,
Forgot alike by friend and foe:
The birds will sing their am'rous song,
As sweetly as they did before,
When to the dark unnumber'd throng,
My sepulchre shall add one more.

Some friend perchance! may drop a tear,
When I am shrouded in my pall;
Or heave a timid sigh to hear
The clods upon my coffin fall;
Some passing one may note my tomb,
And say—remote from earthly pride,
There slumbers one in midnight gloom,
Who only lived—and breathed—and died.

Ah! there are those—I know them well,
For whom my tears adown would flow,
If now I heard their fun'r'al knell,
Or saw them in the grave laid low;
I'd weave a garland round their urn,
Of rosemary and evergreen:
At morning's dawn and eve's return
I'd pour my wailings o'er the scene.

But who knows whether they or I
Shall first be summon'd to appear
• Before that righteous Judge on high,
Whose final mandate all must hear:
Omniscient one—I render up
My length of days into thy hand,
When 'tis thy will I'll take the cup
And quaff the draught at thy command.

Franklin Co., Pa. 1st Aug.

ASPENDIUS.

A CASE OF SUE-HE-SIGHED.

There was a man named Daniel Dabb
[A hapless man was he,]
Who sometimes lived at a sea port,
But it was not Portsea.
He dealt in fish and mended shoes,
But could not make it do;
Although he sometimes sold a fish
And sometimes, soled a shoe.

So of a quack he learned to bleed,
And draw teeth with precision,
And as he knew the heelng art,
He set up as physician.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes heel'd a pair of shoes,
And sometimes heal'd a wound.

'By fish, and shoes, and drugs,' said he,
I hope I shall rise higher,

For by a cellar I can't live,
Unless I have a buyer.
On wealth I've staked my awl and last,
And trust that I shall win it;
For if a tray of trades won't win
I think the deuce is in it.

But people would not have teeth drawn,
Because it gave them pain,
And bleeding, when folks will not bleed,
You know is all in vein.
One day when at his cellar-head,
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a place.

He'd herrings shotten though not shot,
That shone like any gem,
And tho' he plac'd them all in rows,
Roes had no place in them.
Says Sue, 'they are all skin and scales,
And full of bones within;'
Says he, 'I've mussels without bones,
And very little skin.'

Says Sue, 'they're poison, tho' I own
That I for some with joy do long;
And as for poison, I've heard say,
The French call all fish poisson.
But I should like a little fish,'
Says Dan, 'I've no white bait;
And as the eels are slippery things,
You'd better take a skate.'

'Oh no! a place I want,' says Sue:
Says Dan, 'this is the case,
Because I was not out in time,
You see I'm out of pl'ice.'
'Indeed,' says Sue, 'why so am I,
My mistress wants one stronger;
And through she says I am too short,
She does not want me longer.'
'If that's the case, dear Sue,' says Dan,
'Why something must be done:
So as we two are out of place,
Why let us too make one.
To mend folk's shoes and serve them fish,
Some want of help I feels;
So while I drive nails in their toes,
Why you can skin your eels.'
'Oh no,' says Sue, 'that will not do;
I'll find some other work:
For since you are a mussel-man,
You'd use me like a Turk!
So off she ran, and left poor Dan
A disappointed elf;
And then he cried fish all that day,
At night he cried himself.

Next morn on a large nail he hung,
And hung till he was pale!
For though death took him off the hooks
He could not off the nail.
And then they bore him to the grave,
She wrung her hands and cried:
And some one rung his knell, altho'
It was for Sue-he-sighed.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VILLAGE LIFE.

There is a real pleasure in recalling the scenes of early life—scenes that made a vivid impression upon the young mind at the time they transpired, but which have long since been deeply buried beneath the rubbish of subsequent, and often less holy recollections. We recur with sad satisfaction to that happy period when the smile of a mother whose worth was never known till she was laid beneath the clod of the valley, gladdened the heart, and whose affectionate rebuke checked the waywardness of a too buoyant nature; whose pious instructions first led us to know and love the Being who made us. We remember with a mixed feeling our school-going days—the pedant in whom we supposed was concentrated all that was great, and learned, and good, notwithstanding his capricious tyranny; our playmates, our confederates, our quarrels, and all the vicissitudes of boyish life.

Then comes the more grave period of entering upon some business, perhaps an apprenticeship, perhaps to leave the paternal mansion, with all its endearing associations, perhaps to go from country to town. However we may feel disposed to smile at the recollection of these things, they are trials—to sensitive minds deep and agonizing, though transient, and in a great degree imaginary.

About this time of life we begin to open our eyes upon the “great world” around us—we feel ourselves treading upon its theatre; and perhaps for the first time we are conscious of our own responsibility. Happy is it for us, if at this time of life we habitually feel that we are moral agents, that we are now forming characters and contracting habits which will abide with us through life. Happy if at this period we have been taught and brought to remember our Creator. How often have I been saved from plunging into follies that would have ended in positive vice, by the strong impression made upon my mind by a much revered father the evening before I quitted the abode of my childhood, and which I was never afterwards permitted to enter except as a transient visitor. Governed in his own life by the genuine spirit of Christianity, he anxiously strove by precept and example to infuse it into the minds of his children. “Now,” said he, “you are about to enter upon life in a new sphere, you will be exposed to new temptations, you will have no one to admonish you, you are leaving the simplicity of the country for the ensnaring society of the town. But you know your duty. Remember your responsibility—henceforward you must be your own guide, and if you go astray, *your guilt will be upon your own head!*” In the most thoughtless moments of youthful folly, these words have fallen with all their terrible import upon my mind, and restrained me in my wayward propensities.

There is a charm in the life led in a secluded village where “every body knows every body;” and if a stranger happens to wander among them, every body “wonders who he is—where he is from—what he is after—and where he is going.” If a person takes a walk, he finds an acquaintance in every one he meets; hence reserve is almost unknown; and an unrestrained communication is kept up as between the members of a single family. Fraternal feelings are freely indulged, sometimes to advantage, sometimes to their hurt. Here you will see a little knot of kind-hearted persons sitting around

the friendly and ever open door of a neighbor engaged in agreeable chit chat—perhaps

“ Discouraging of the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses;
And ending in some precept deep,
On skinning eels or shoeing horses.”

There is a circle of busy politicians, discussing the affairs of state with all the solemnity of the most august tribunal, each man feeling as if upon his shoulders hung the fate of his country, and of unborn millions. Hence the solemn eloquence of his appeals, and the sometimes ludicrous warmth of his manner.

But alas! the sound of bacchanalian riot is sometimes heard, and sometimes the oath of the profane, and ill-bred clown, proving that notwithstanding the peace and good feeling every where apparent, the secluded village is not a paradise.

There is one virtue, however, that displays itself in all its beauties, in all its moral sublimity in villages. It is sympathy—that emotion by which we feel another’s woe, and esteem the weal of others as in some measure our own.

A young man possessing the most amiable and manly virtues, and who had engaged the sincere friendship of every individual in our village, one day, being out with a companion in pursuit of game, was severely wounded by the accidental discharge of his companion’s rifle, the ball entering at the knee and shattering the bones above and below. He was conveyed home by his afflicted comrade and some others who came to his relief.

Immediate amputation would have been the most judicious course, but unfortunately no surgeon competent to the task could be found short of fifty miles. A messenger was despatched, who in about eighteen hours returned with a surgeon. But in the meantime his strength had so far failed, and the progress of inflammation was so great, that certain death it was feared, would attend the operation, and it was determined to let him quietly await his fate. This was in the morning. The melancholy tidings that our young friend was “given up” soon passed through the village. Then was a scene presented surpassing in the morally sublime any thing I ever witnessed. An expression of the most deep felt sorrow sat upon every countenance; every other feeling was absorbed in this; all business was suspended; and it became, without preconcert, a day of humiliation and prayer.

It was one of those days that seem to sympathize in a scene like this—the autumn was far advanced,

But ‘twas a pleasant, calm, mild day—for still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the sunny light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And groups of men were to be seen conversing in low and solemn tones, as though they feared to break the deep and holy silence that pervaded the place. Other paced the pavement in silence; and hard hands were often raised that day to wipe the involuntary tear from manly and weather-beaten cheeks. Females wept bitterly as for a beloved brother, and even strangers became infected with the general grief. The sufferer, patient and resign-

ed, received the visits of his sympathising neighbors with a countenance indicative of peace with Heaven and love to men. Never can I forget that scene. The dying man seemed to be a brother indeed, and his calm and placid submission to the will of God endeared him still more.—Things remained in this state from ten to twelve hours. Death, though supposed to be sure of his victim, seemed to make no advances, and it was thought that the victory might yet be disputed. The unfortunate man expressed a willingness to submit to the operation of amputation—then came the bustle of preparation; the breathless anxiety of fluttering hope. Soon all was ready; the professional gentlemen acquitted themselves nobly; the patient bore it with heroic fortitude, every symptom became favorable, and in less than an hour his delighted neighbors were informed that he was out of danger. There was of course no boisterous expression of joy, but there was an eloquent expression of countenance indicative of that exquisite feeling which, while it fills the lip with a smile, fills the eyes with tears.

C.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR—With the *wish at least*—I dare not say the *hope*, of assisting you in drawing the attention of the public from the perusal of the lugubrious, interminable details about the present all-absorbing endemic, epidemic, or any other name of Greek or Latin termination, by which people may choose to designate it, with the absurd, preposterous nostrums every one seems alike able and willing to prescribe,—I offer a few canine anecdotes for your columns. You occasionally favour us with articles on natural history, &c. and they are quite refreshing amidst the mass of accidents, crimes, political brawls, with the many et ceteras of uninteresting patch-work, to which I am aware you are compelled to resort, to please the various and desultory tastes of a whimsical multitude.

The dog, of all domestic animals, is my chief favourite—he is most particularly the friend of man, his companion, guard, and guide. His fidelity is proverbial, but his various other attributes have been generally overlooked, merging the whole in his generosity. The following anecdotes show him under different shades, and I may mention that they all occurred under my own eye. They elucidate, in a degree, the lights and shadows of his character.

The first that suggests itself is an instance of revenge. Spending a few days at a farm-house, my dog and the farmer's had a very severe battle, in which neither conquered. In the battle, however, my dog was bit in the ear. A day or two after my return home, I missed the dog nearly the whole of a day, and knew not where he had been, until, on the following market day, the farmer told me his dog had been visited by mine, and so severely bitten, that he did not know whether he would recover. The farmer saw him (in this instance I was not present,) start for home, and indeed saw the whole transaction. Now, Mr. Editor, by what motive was he actuated? Was this instinct, or was it not apparently rather reflection, and revenge goaded on from remembrance of injury? As he was a pugnacious little fellow, might not a little shame at not being conqueror, intermingle?

The other anecdotes relate to a favourite watchdog, which I owned in the country. He had a great deal of character, and afforded me many an opportunity of studying the canine disposition. He was entirely self-taught—shall we say his ideas were innate?—At any rate, no one ever instructed him in any trick, and his general sagacity was a confounded stumbling block, in drawing the line of demarcation between instinct and reason.

He was presented to me by a medical gentleman, who, as he gave him, told him to consider me now as his master. The poor fellow evidently felt it—crept beneath the table: but, in a few hours accompanied me, leaving his old master. I had not the gift of Bampfylde Moore Carew, therefore we must credit the dog's sagacity in the transaction. Yet to show his gratitude for past kindnesses, for some months he continued to visit every morning the farm of his old master, at a distance of five miles, put to rights any of the cattle or hogs that might have strayed, walk into the house, caress the family, and then take his leave.

I had a favourite horse—indeed, I do not feel ashamed to acknowledge there was a mutual favouritism between the biped, the horse, and the dog—for we all knew each other well. The horse was taken dangerously ill, and was in great agony. I moved him about in the hope of restoring him, in the mean time the dog evinced the most heartfelt pity. He reared himself on his hind feet, placed his fore feet on the breast of the horse, and whined his sympathy in most expressive tones. The horse died, but still the dog would not suffer any one but members of the family to approach the body. When the carcase was dragged into the woods, the faithful creature watched it for two days and nights, suffering no animal to touch it. At last I brought him away.—In travelling he would generally precede me perhaps a quarter of a mile, but would suffer no cattle to remain on the turnpike where my horse or carriage had to pass. Indeed, his attention in this respect became perplexing and annoying, for the farmers did not like to have their cattle hounded by such a mammoth dog. (He was partly of the Newfoundland breed, stood two feet three inches high, and of most forbidding aspect.) On this account I was obliged to secure him when I intended to visit the neighbouring village. This he soon determined to evade, and sometime previous to my preparing for departure, my gentleman would disappear. When I was a mile or two from home, he would sneak out of the woods, watch my countenance, and if cheerful, he would cut up such uncouth gambols, and wriggle his short stump, (for his *first* master, not the Doctor, had barbarously deprived him of all his tail,) and show his joy in such an extravagant manner, as would have made the gravest quaker move his muscles. How came he to know that I was going, naturally arises. I can give no answer except my conviction that he heard it spoken of, and understood it, at the breakfast table; for large as he was, he was such a favourite, that he was admitted every where.

His sensibility under disgrace was extreme, and

might have vied with the most nervous old bachelor in the country. I once chastised him for not obeying me. He took it so much to heart that he crept below my bed, lay there for two days and nights, refused all nourishment, repelled every attempt at reconciliation, until at last my sister coaxed him into good humour, and had reconciliation made.

LUATH.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Boston Courier.

COMMODORE BARNEY.

"The old Commodore
The fighting old Commodore he."

No old Triton who has passed his calms under the bows of the long boat could say of Joshua Barney that he came into a master's berth through the cabin windows. He began at the rudiments, and well he understood the science. All his predilections were for the sea. Having deserted the counting room, young Barney, at the age of 12, was placed for nautical instruction in a pilot boat at Baltimore, till he was apprenticed to his brother-in-law. At the age of 14 he was appointed second mate, with the approbation of the owner, and before he was 16 he was called upon to take charge of his ship at sea, in which the master died. This was on a voyage to Nice. The ship was in such a state that it was barely possible to make Gibraltar, where for necessary supplies he pledged her for £700, to be repaid by the consignees at Nice, who however declined, and called in the aid of the Governor to compel Barney to deliver the cargo, which he refused to do. He was imprisoned, but set at large on some intimation that he would do as desired, but when he came on board, he struck his flag and removed the crew, choosing to consider his vessel as captured. He then sat out for Milan, to solicit the aid of the British Ambassador there, in which he succeeded so well, that the authorities of Nice met him on his return to apologise for their conduct. The consignees paid the bond, and Barney sailed for Alicant, where his vessel was destined for the use of the great armada, then fitting out against Algiers, the fate of which was total and shameful defeat. On his return home, his employer was so well satisfied with his conduct, that he became his firm friend ever after. He soon offered himself as second in command on board the sloop *Hornet* of 10 guns, one of two vessels then preparing for a cruise under Commodore Hopkins; for this was in the early stage of the revolution. The sloop fell in with a British tender, which she might have captured but for the timidity of the American captain. The tender, mistaking her enemy, ran along side and exposed herself to much danger. Barney stood by one of the guns as the enemy came near, and was about to apply the match, when the bold commander ordered him to desist. Barney, whose spirit revolted at such a course, threw his match stick at the captain, and the iron point stuck in the door of the round-house. This, in a youth not seventeen years of age, argued well for the pugnacity of the man. At the end of this cruise, he volunteered on board the schooner *Wasp*, in which he soon had a brush with the *Roebuck* and another frigate, and with the aid of some gallies in which he had a command, the enemy was forced to retire with more loss than honor. Barney, for his good conduct in this affair, was appointed to the command of the sloop *Sachem*, with the commission of Lieutenant, before he was seventeen. Before the cruise, however, Captain Robinson took command of the *Sachem*, which soon had an action with a letter-of-marque of superior force and numbers. It was well contested, and nearly half of the crew of the brig was killed or wounded. In about two hours the letter-of-marque struck. The captor secured a valuable prize, in a cargo of ruin,

and also a magnificent turtle, intended as a present to Lord North, whose name was marked on the shell. This acceptable West Indian, Lieutenant Barney presented to a better man than it had been designed for, for he gave it to the Hon. R. Morris. On the return of the *Sachem*, both officers were transferred to a fine brig of 14 guns, the *Andrew Doria*, which forthwith captured the *Race-horse* of 12 guns and a picked crew. This vessel was of the Royal Navy, and had been dispatched by the Admiral purposely to take the *Doria*; but, saith the proverb, if two men ride the same horse, one must ride behind.

On this voyage a snow was captured, in which the Lieutenant went as prize master, making up his crew partly of the prisoners. Being hard by an enemy's ship, he discovered signs of mutiny among his crew, and shot the ringleader in the shoulder; a proceeding that offered so little encouragement to his comrades, that they obeyed orders, and made sail, but it was too late to escape. The purser of the frigate which captured him, was on a subsequent occasion, so much excited as to strike Barney, who knocked him down and went further in his resentment than fair fighting permits, for he kicked him down the gangway. The Commander obliged the purser to apologise to Barney. Having been captured at the capes, and deserted by her commander, Barney, with 500 other prisoners, was sent round, in the *St. Albans* frigate, to New York. As the prisoners were double in number to the crew, Barney formed a plan of taking possession of the ship, which was defeated or prevented by the treachery of a Frenchman.

"O for a curse to kill the slave,
Whose treason like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
To blast them in their hour of might."

Barney was a prisoner at New York for five months after which he took the command of a schooner of two guns and eight men, with a cargo of tobacco for St. Eustatia, for he was better pleased to do a little than to do nothing. He was, however, taken, after a running fight, by boarding, by a privateer of four large guns and sixty men. His next cruise was with his friend Robinson, in a private ship of ten guns and thirty-five men, in which they encountered the British privateer *Rosebud* of 16 guns and 120 men. On the return a letter of marque of 16 guns and 70 men was captured. The Lieutenant had now prize money enough to be converted, on his return, into a large bundle of continental bills, which he stowed away in a chaise box, on taking a journey, but which he could not find when he arrived at his destination. He kept his own secret, however, and "went to sea again," second in command of the United States ship *Saratoga*, of 16 nine-pounders. The first prize was a ship of 12 guns, captured after an action of a few minutes. On the next day, the *Saratoga* hoisted English colors and came alongside a ship which had two brigs in company; then running up the American ensign, she poured in a broadside, while Lieutenant Barney with 50 men, boarded the enemy. The immediate result was, the conquest of a ship of 32 guns and 90 men. The two brigs, one of 14 and the other of 4 guns, were also captured. The division of prize money would have made the officers rich, but no division took place, for all but the *Saratoga* were captured by a seventy-four and several frigates. Lieutenant Barney was furnished with bed and board, on deck, and with him, bed and board were synonymous terms, but he was allowed to choose the softest plank he could find. In England he was confined in prison, from which he escaped, and after various adventures, arrived in Beverly, Massachusetts, and as soon as he landed, was offered the command of one of the several vessels, cruising against the enemy's barges, and the refugee boats that infested the Delaware river and bay. His ship was the *Hyder Ally*, a small vessel of 16 six-pounders. As a superior vessel of the enemy was approaching, Barney directed his steersman to interpret his command by the rule of *contraries*.

When the enemy were ranging alongside, Barney cried out, "Hard a-port." The helmsman clapped the helm the other way, and the enemy's jib-boom caught in the fore rigging, and held her in a position to be raked, and never was the operation of raking more suddenly or more effectually performed. The British flag came down in less than half an hour, and the captors made little delay for compliments, for a frigate from the enemy was rapidly approaching. The prize was the General Marle, of the Royal Navy, with 30 nine-pounders and 136 men, nearly double the force and metal of the captors. After the peace Commodore Barney made a partial settlement in Kentucky, and became a favorite with the bold hunters of that pleasant land. He was appointed Clerk of the District Court of Maryland, and also an auctioneer. He also engaged in commerce, when his business led him to Cape Francois during the insurrection, and where he armed the crew, and fought his way, to carry off some specie which he had secreted in barrels of coffee.

On his return he was captured by a pirate, which called herself an English privateer. Barney, however, was a bad prisoner, and with a couple of his hands, rose upon the buccaneers and captured their ship. In this situation it was no time for Argus himself to sleep, with more than an eye at a time. The commodore slept only by day in an arm chair on deck, with his sword between his legs, and pistols in his belt, while his cook and boatswain well armed, stood the watch by his side. On another occasion he was captured in the West Indies by an English frigate, where he received the usual British courtesies, and was tried in Jamaica for piracy, &c. It is needless to say that, though in an enemy's country, he was acquitted by acclamation. This accusation originated with the commander of the frigate, who, however, prudently kept out of sight; though an officer in the same frigate, expressed at a Coffee House a desire to meet Barney, without knowing that he was present, that he might have an opportunity to settle accounts with the rascal. The rascal bestowed upon the officer the compliments that were usual with him on such occasions, and tweaked that part of his head that is so prominent in an elephant.

We cannot follow the Commodore through his subsequent fortunes and adventures, but refer to the book for a more interesting account of them. In France he received the *hug fraternal* of the president of the Convention, and the commission of captain of the highest grade in the Navy. He fitted out several vessels of his own to harass the British trade, in which he was very successful. He received the command of two frigates, which were almost totally wrecked in a storm, though he succeeded in saving them. In the last war, his services are more immediately in our memories. The Memoir of Commodore Barney, from which these particulars are taken, is just published by Gray & Bowen, and it is a valuable addition to our naval biography.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A first rate anchor weighs about three tons, employs 20 men for 40 days in making, and costs 400*l.*—The milk of the whale produces cream much richer than that of the cow, and a joint stock company to establish a whale cheese manufactory at Spitzburgh or the North Pole, would certainly be a capital speculation.—Children may be hanged in England at 12 years of age, and married in Scotland at 14.—The people of Hampshire singe the bristles of their pigs, instead of scalding them, and in this lies the secret of the excellency of the Hampshire hams.—While Columbus was engaged in discovering America, Henry VII. of England, and James IV. of Scotland, were entering into a treaty which ultimately led to the union of the two kingdoms.—The last three Dukes of Athol planted together upwards of fourteen millions of larch and other trees.—It is thirteen hundred years since the

first house in Edinburgh was built; Glasgow is of an equal antiquity.—Mrs. Jordan was an Irish woman, and was born in the neighbourhood of Waterford, about the year 1762.—At the time when Addison was writing the Spectator, the Scotch were burning witches.—At the period that the peasantry of England were burning threshing mills, those in Scotland were establishing scientific and literary associations.—Upwards of 43 millions quarters of corn were imported into Great Britain in 1831.—The original name of Paul Jones was John Paul.—At the Cape of Good Hope, says a traveller, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably large tails."—Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, was a slave, and fought at the battle of Lepanto.—Corns may be effectually extirpated by placing on them the scrapings of chalk mixed with vinegar.—The distance from the Land's End to Charlotte town, in Prince Edward Island, is 2,280 miles.—Madden mentions that the walls of Constantinople could not endure a siege of six hours.—If milk be put in vessels lined with, or formed of zinc, a much greater quantity of cream will be raised than in common vessels, and the butter will be of a finer quality; why is this not practised?—Bordeaux is situated on the navigable river Garonne, about 75 miles from its mouth, and has a population of 100,000 inhabitants.—Sobiesko saved Christendom from the Mahomedans, about the time that Claverhouse and Balfour of Burley were fighting the battles of Drumclog.—The chief products of Owhyhee are arrow-root and cocoa-nut oil.—There is not a Protestant place of worship in Ireland, in which the native Irish tongue is preached.—All the copies of Tacitus are copied from a single manuscript discovered in a monastery in Westphalia.—Hyder Ali died in 1782.—The population of the United Kingdom in 1831, 24,266,989, being an increase of 14*1/2* per cent. since 1821.—Erasmus composed in a post-chaise.—The offices in London calculate on one alarm of fire every day, and about thirty-two serious fires every year. There is a superstition in the West of Scotland, that the earth in the parish of Rosneath kills rats, and that none of these animals can live in the district. A West India proprietor once imported a ship load of this earth to clear his plantations of that species of vermin, but the experiment is said to have failed.—The sum of thirteen pence half penny is called hangman's wages, because the fee of the executioner used to be a Scottish merk, or thirteen pence and the third of a penny.—Auctions were first introduced into England in the year 1700.—In Spain, in the year 1826, there were 1,233 men committed for murder, 1,773 for attempts to commit murder, and 1,620 for robbery.—The annual export of paving stones from Arbroath, a seaport in the east coast of Scotland, is from 400,000 to 500,000 superficial feet.

AN APT COMPARISON.

The snake, tradition's tale avers,
Casts once a year his speckled skin;
Yet no improvement change infers—
'Tis still the self-same snake within.

Too like the supple courtier's trim,
Who turns and twists, occasion's slave,
'Tis change of sides, not change of him!
New knavery, but the same old knave.

A young, zealous, and conscientious student in Anglican theology, once asked an experienced dignitary—"Pray, Sir, what do the Arminians hold?"—"Hold?" said his Mentor, "hold! why, they hold all the best places of pre-ferment in the Church of England."

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

A SOLDIER'S TALE.

BY JOHN MALCOM, ESQ.

I shall never forget the scene. The evening parade was over, and our officers, assembled in groups, were sauntering over the ground, discussing the news of the day, and planning schemes of amusement for to-morrow. A short way in front were a body of prisoners, raising redoubts and forming intrenchments, and immediately in rear of our camp ground were our German auxiliaries sitting before their tents,—some with long pipes, deeply engaged in the silent solemnity of smoking; and others raising a choral stave, and, in the wild and beautiful strains of their country singing themselves home. The wood and watering parties had just returned from their labors, and the general bustle of the camp was beginning to settle down in the low hum, preparatory to repose. Our band of music, however, still lingered on the ground playing some old national airs, and delighted the lovers of Scottish song by whom it was attended. The last sunset gleam, warm and gorgeous, was sleeping on the hills, in glorious contrast with their sombre shadows, lengthening over the land like outposts of the night.

"One air more before we go," cried an officer to the band, which was preparing to depart; and immediately it struck up the beautiful strain of Durardarte and Baternia, breathing of love in death, in the fight of Roncesvalles, from whose field of fame we were then not far distant. The effect of the music was heightened to a thrilling degree by the time, place, and circumstances in which it was performed; the plaintive and flute tones sinking like a death-wail, and chording with the deep bass of trumpet and trumbone, which pealed forth, deepened and then rolled away, not unlike dying thunder through the calm.

The performance had just ceased, when we were suddenly aroused from the reverie in which it had entranced us, by the trampling of a steed bearing an aid de camp at full gallop. Suddenly he reined in his charger before the tent of our commanding officer, to whom he delivered certain despatches; and, observing that he had a long ride before him, immediately resumed his journey, and setting spurs to his horse, was soon lost in the gathering gloom of night. It was with a strange and thrilling sensation; when an enemy is immediately in front, that the order for an advance before day break was heard in the camp, accompanied, as it always is, with the ominous serving out of three days' provisions, and sixty rounds of ball cartridge to each man; with the bustle of packing up the heavy baggage; the noise and hubbub in the camp; the deep and hollow roll of the great guns, dragging up from the rear; and the congregating together of the officers in their tents, preparing for the movement; some speculating upon the results of the coming battle; some smoking cigars and jesting with death, some musing upon absent friends, ruminating on the past, or peering into the future; and, perchance, a few—a very few thinking beings, pondering on the final destiny of man, the mystery of death, and the searchless secret beyond the grave.

Having made our brief arrangements for approaching events, and feeling the chill of night beginning to be severe, I quitted the tent along with two messmates, Wade and Fitzmaurice, and we seated ourselves by a blazing wood fire, a few yards in front of our canvass habitation. Our conversation, as might be supposed, turned upon the expected events which to-morrow's dawn would usher in, when, observing that Fitzmaurice remained silent and thoughtful, "I'll lay a bet," said Wade, "that our friend here has a love affair on hand; and that there is some fair lady in England of whom he is thinking, for I'm sure nothing less could make a soldier, and one of the Lights too, look so melancholy upon the eve of a battle, with the stirring prospect of a glorious affair with the enemies of his country so near at hand."

"You have guessed rightly," answered Fitzmaurice,

with a faint smile; "the thought of a fair girl is indeed busy at my heart. My passion, though not unknown to her, nor, as I believe, unreturned, was yet, owing to a sense of my dependent situation, and the uncertainty of a soldier's life, never formally declared; and though this seems the better under present circumstances, yet, strange to say, I cannot help regretting not having spoken out, and made a formal and candid confession of my attachment."

"Nonsense," rejoined the other, "if you live to return home you will find her waiting you, and it will then be time enough. I have greater cause to be thoughtful than you, being already betrothed to the woman I love most upon earth, and of whom to-morrow may deprive me forever. But of the fortune, of which you regret the want, I almost regret the possession—for a poor man is at least pretty sure of the affection of his mistress; but it was so long before I obtained from mine, something like even a reluctant consent, that I have since had some painful misgivings, lest she may have been wrought upon by the remonstrances of her friends, to accept what, in point of fortune, they might consider an advantageous offer, and thus have been induced to give her hand, where she could not bestow her heart. I own, however, that this was a mere suspicion, perhaps unjust to her, and which I have endeavored to dismiss from my mind. I have merely mentioned it at present to show that life is never free from annoyance; and that the wealth of which you regret the want has not conferred happiness on me. And now, since we have been thus far each other's confidants in these matters, should we all live to return to England, you two shall be present at my marriage, and give me your opinions of the bride."

To this prospective arrangement we readily agreed; and in order to prepare for the approaching conflict, at an early hour we retired to rest.

To be awakened from a sound sleep, even to the ordinary labor of life, is felt for the moment to be unpleasant: what then must it be to be startled from the deep repose of the weary soldier, to the work—not of life, but of death—from the dreams of happiness and home, to the horrors of the bloody trade—from refreshing rest into murderous turmoil!

At the beat of the warning drum, we got under arms, and marched in the shadow of night to the advanced posts, where we remained under cover of a stunted wood until daybreak.

At the first gleam of dawn, a signal gun fired, and we rushed on to the attack. The fight was long and bloody—but British valor, ardent as enthusiasm, confident as faith, and obstinate as the instinct of the bull-dog, was at length crowned with success; and the day which had been lowering and tempestuous, was closed with victory and golden calm.

The sound of the trumpet was succeeded by the song of birds, and the roar of the battle by the vague and mystic lullaby of the coming night. The remnant of our regiment had assembled on the slope of a green hill, to which the stragglers of the Light Company were returning, singly, and in pairs, and I came up to the ground at the moment the last of the survivors seemed to have arrived.

He who has been a sojourner for long years in distant lands, knows with what tremours and misgivings the home of his youth is approached; but these are faint compared to the feelings with which the survivor of the battle's bloody day rejoins the remnant of his regiment, which returns at night.

With a palpitating heart I heard the calling of the muster roll, and marked with breathless suspense, the pauses that succeeded each familiar name—to which there was no reply. At length, those of my two friends were called, and with lightened heart, I heard the responses of their well known voices. Our meeting was one of delight and congratulation; and, as the tents and baggage did not come up, we bivouacked beneath an old tree during the night.

The succeeding events of the campaign I shall pass over, as not being in any way connected with my story. Suffice it therefore to say, that the conclusion of the war took place a few months after this affair; and having passed unscathed through its various vicissitudes, by a more than usual good fortune, we all three met in London, that great rendezvous of military men upon their return from abroad.

We adjourned to the old Slaughters Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, where we passed the evening; in the course of which Wade adverted to his marriage, which, he informed us, was to take place in a few days, and claimed the fulfilment of our promise to be present at the ceremony; at which we renewed our engagement to attend. Accordingly at the time and place appointed, we arrived together; there were few persons present, and they were but indistinctly seen, in the dim light of a curtained apartment. The bride was led into the room, deeply veiled, so that we could not distinguish her features. Her head was bent downward, and she seemed much affected during the ceremony, but began to regain her composure towards its close. As soon as it was concluded, she lifted her veil, and looking timidly upwards, disclosed a face of exquisite beauty, beaming through tears. At that moment I was suddenly startled by a deep, convulsive sob; and, turning round beheld Fitzmaurice, pale as ashes, and staggering towards the door, through which he instantly glided away. My first impression was, that he felt sick, owing to the warmth and closeness of the room; but, upon observing the simultaneous agitation of the bride, who seemed about to faint, a suspicion flashed across my mind, that in the new married lady, he had recognized the object of his own attachment, while her violent emotion seemed to indicate some secret intelligence between them, and to render it probable that the fears which Wade had expressed to us, respecting the state of his wife's heart towards himself, were but too well founded. However this might be, he did not seem to have observed Fitzmaurice's agitation and sudden departure, and probably ascribed the momentary indisposition of the bride to the feelings natural to a young woman on such an occasion. Meanwhile, the company having partaken of some refreshments, the new married pair set off upon their jaunt, and the party separated.

Pondering upon the scene I had just witnessed, I returned to my lodgings; but, feeling the time tedious, I passed the evening at the theatre. I retired to rest, rather fatigued; but could not sleep, so much were my thoughts haunted by the events of the day. As Fitzmaurice had promised to call upon me on the following morning, I waited with impatience till the appointed hour; but it came, and passed, and he did not arrive. A second and third elapsed, and still he came not. I then feared he might be unwell; and feeling certain misgivings respecting him, I forthwith sallied into the street, and proceeded towards his lodgings.

Upon arriving there, and enquiring for my friend, I was informed, that, on the afternoon of the preceding day, he had come home in a state of great excitement; and, having hastily packed up his baggage, and discharged his bill, had ordered a hackney coach, in which he drove away—no one knew whither. There was something in all this ill-calculated to ease my apprehensions, and I forthwith set on foot an inquiry after him, but I could obtain no clue to a discovery; and after trying to trace out his movements in vain, I gave up the pursuit, hoping that time or chance would throw some light upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

After the perils and privations of war, the news of peace had been hailed in the camp as tidings of great joy, and, in common with others, the return to my country; and the comforts of home, were pleasant things to me. But, as soon as the novelty was over, the old instinct of the soldier, the hankering after excitement and the love of change, again began to return; I became "restless and wearisome," and sought relief in the vicissitudes of travel.

After wandering over the continent for about a year, I was recalled by matters of a domestic nature, which required my presence in England, where upon landing, I proceeded towards London, and was overtaken by darkness at an inn but one stage from the metropolis, at which I took up my abode for the night. In passing up stairs, I was accosted by a voice familiar to my ear, and looking up, recognized in the speaker my old messmate, Wade. Upon my inquiring after his lady, he informed me that she was then along with him at the inn, where they had just arrived from a jaunt in the country, which he had been giving her, in consequence of ill health and lowness of spirits; and that they were to proceed next day to call on a medical friend of his, who had been very successful in the treatment of nervous complaints, and mental dejection, and who then superintended a private asylum a few miles from town, where many patients labouring under seemingly incurable melancholy, had obtained great benefit, and frequently complete recovery. He said he wished to consult the doctor respecting his wife, whose health had not been improved by means usually employed, and, as the residence of his friend lay only a little way out of the direct road to London, he took my promise that I would accompany them on their visit on the following day. Upon entering the breakfast parlor next morning, I was introduced to Mrs. Wade, as a friend of her husband, who had been present on the occasion of her marriage. At that word a hectic flush fevered her cheek for a "burning moment," but speedily passed away, leaving her paler than before. After a few common-place topics had been discussed, Wade asked me, if I had lately heard from Fitzmaurice, where he was, and what he was about? A deeper tinge than before again overspread the face of Mrs. Wade, and confirmed my suspicion. I answered briefly, that I had not heard of my friend for some time, and was not acquainted with his movements. The subject then dropped, and the conversation turned upon generalities, until we arrived at the doctor's residence, which was within a short walk of the asylum he superintended.

He received us with a quiet kindness rather to be felt than expressed. He was apparently about fifty years of age: of a grave but gentle demeanor, with an eye which rested upon its object with a fixedness not the less searching for the want of quickness and brilliancy. His voice was soft and low, and there was altogether about him an air of repose, as if the emotion of troubled minds, which he had so long witnessed, had chastened down in him all human passion into quiet endurance and unchanging calm.

After dinner was over, Wade made allusion to the state of his wife's health, and the doctor, after putting some questions and giving her some general directions, stole a look at her unobserved, and then rallied her upon the unreasonableness of low spirits in a young married woman; took occasion to advert to the bad consequences of indulging in any secret unavailing grief, which he observed had often led to the most deplorable of human maladies, even mental derangement—of which he stated many melancholy cases in the asylum under his care, and having thus excited our curiosity, in accordance with our wishes, he agreed to satisfy us with a sight of some of his patients. We approached the asylum through spacious and beautiful grounds, and having passed its gates, were conducted by its superintendent to its secret cells. The first which we entered was tenanted by a raging maniac who stood before us with fettered hands and visage fierce and fiendlike, screaming curses upon nature, and shrieking out that there was no God—his eyes glared like balls of fire, and the hell that raged within him had scathed a once sanguine and athletic frame, into a gaunt spectre—a ghastly and thunderstricken ruin. Though but in the summer of his years, his hair was silver grey, and streamed around his brow, in wild and wintry wreaths. His bold and reckless spirit, in the pride of intellectual power, had dared to search the unsearchable—to question—to doubt—to disbelieve, till at length he

sunk into the abyss of atheism, and nature seemed such a fearful and inscrutable mystery to his bewildered mind, that he became horror struck at his own thoughts, and went raving mad. His fits of blaspheming fury were succeeded by sudden dejection, and trembling terror, and sore dismay, when he would sink down on his knees and weep like a child. We gladly returned from this awful spectacle of a ruined spirit, and proceeded to the next apartment, in which we beheld a victim of the gaming table.

Heir to a handsome fortune and naturally ambitious, he had associated with the magnates of the land, and "vied in vanities" with the wealthiest and the worst of its sons. But his means though great, were not equal to his demands, and, ashamed to retrench, he took to the gaming table, where with hopes deferred, health impaired, and fortune wasted, his days and nights fevered away in agonizing dreams, till at length he was cast out from the haunts of St. James, a beggar and a maniac. Upon entering the cell we found him seated on the floor, where in imagination, he pursued a phantom game, and raising his head at our approach, he regarded us with a gaze of horror, and crying, with the voice of despair, "Lost, all lost!"—struck his head with his clenched hands, and fell back upon the floor exhausted with agony.

These frightful cases of excited insanity were too much for the nerves of Mrs. Wade, and we were about to quit the asylum, when our conductor proposed that we should see some cases of a less agitating description among the victims of melancholy.

"My patients (observed he) who labor under mental dejection are most numerous; and sad to say, the cureless sorrow is chiefly incident to the most amiable and highly gifted of human beings; for the glowing fancy and the warm and susceptible heart are ever the first to fall under affliction. Too keenly alive to the joys and sorrows of life, they are easily raised to rapture, or sunk into despair." Saying this he ushered us into a neighboring cell, whose inmate was standing with his back towards us, and his arms folded across his breast; he appeared to be in a deep abstraction of a distant dream, but at length pressing his forehead with his hand as if trying to recollect something, "It cannot be (he exclaimed) that she is married! her heart was mine, and how could she give her hand to another!—but I have been unwell of late, and have had delirious slumbers; methought she was wedded to my friend, and that I—oh! horrible! was invited to witness the marriage." At these words, the speaker suddenly turning round, revealed, in the wan, grief worn visage before us, the wreck of my lost friend Fitzmaurice! Scarce pausing in his soliloquy, his gaze fixing and dilating upon the face of his first love, "It was a dream (he continued,) I knew it was, and here she is herself come to convince me of her truth. Angel of my life, let me thank thee!" and he sprang towards Mrs. Wade just as she was swooning away into the arms of her husband. The doctor rushed in betwixt them and Fitzmaurice, and hurrying us out of the cell, secured the door upon the unhappy man, whose cries came after us, as we hastened back from the asylum. Upon reaching the doctor's residence, the carriage being in waiting, Mrs. Wade was helped into it by her husband, who bidding us a hasty and incoherent adieu, leapt in after her and instantly drove away.

The sudden meeting with the object of her first affection in such appalling circumstances gave a fatal shock to a frame already wasted by secret care; a rapid decline succeeded, and in a few weeks she was released from all earthly sorrow.

A short time previous to her death, she made a full confession to her husband of her previous attachment to Fitzmaurice, and of the overpowering remonstrances of her friends, begging his forgiveness; and whatever the nature of his feelings might have been, he behaved to her with unremitting attention till her death.

After the last duties were paid to her remains, he set off

for the Continent, to seek, and haply to find, in foreign scenes, excitement to life and alleviation of its sorrow.

[The famous story teller, Sir Jonah Barrington, has published another volume of his personal history, from which we give below one of the narratives. Sir Jonah, in a preface, modestly relinquishes any claim to be considered as the inventor of the stories he tells. He is merely the humble and literal recorder of facts. It is the fault of nature, or of chance, or of any thing else, rather than the author, if the incidents he relates are sometimes so marvellous as to border on the incredible.]

SKINNING A BLACK CHILD.

A not unpleasant, because not fatal, incident may serve to illustrate the 'state of medicine and surgery,' between forty and fifty years ago, in Ireland. It occurred near my brother's house, at Castlewood, and the same Lieutenant Primer, of Dureen, was a very interested party in it.—The lieutenant having been in America, had brought home a black lad as a servant, who resided in the house of Dureen with the family. It is one of the mysteries of nature, that infants sometimes come into the world marked and spotted in divers fantastical ways and places, a circumstance which the faculty, so far as they know any thing about it, consider as the sympathetic effect either of external touch or ardent imagination—or, if neither of these are held to be the cause, then they regard it as a sort of *lusus*.

A sister of the lieutenant, successively a very good maiden, woman, and wife, had been married to one Mr. George Washington, of the neighborhood, who, from his name, was supposed to be some distant blood relation to the celebrated General Washington; and, as that distinguished individual had no children, all the old women and other wiseacres of Darrow, Ballyragget, Ballyspullen, and Bellymkill, made up their minds that his Excellency, when dying, would leave a capital legacy in America to his blood relation, Mr. George Washington, of Dureen, in Ireland.

No joy ever exceeded that which seized on Mr. Washington, when it was announced that his beloved wife had been taken ill, and was in excessive torture. The entire household, master included, were just seated at a comfortable and plentiful dinner; the first slices of the round or turkey, were cut and tasted; when Mrs. Gregory, (the *lady's doctor*) who was, in her own way, a very shrewd, humorous kind of body, and to whom most people in the country under thirty-five years of age had owed their existence, entered the apartment to announce the happy arrival of as fine a healthy little boy as could be, and that Mrs. Washington was as well, or indeed rather better, than might be expected under the circumstances. A general cheer by the whole company followed, and bumpers of hot punch were drunk with enthusiasm to the success and future glory of the young General Washington.

Mrs. Gregory at length beckoned old Mrs. Palmer to the window with a mysterious air, and whispered something in her ear; on hearing which, Mrs. Palmer immediately fell flat on the floor, as if dead. The old dame hobble off to her assistance, and Mrs. Gregory affected to feel strongly herself about something—ejaculating, loud enough to be generally heard, and with that sort of emphasis people use when they wish to persuade us they are praying downright earnest—"God's will be done!"

"What about?" said the lieutenant, bristling up—"I suppose my mother has taken a glass too much; it is not the first time! she'll soon come round again, never fear. Don't be alarmed my friends."

"God's will be done!" again exclaimed the oracular Mrs. Gregory.

"What's the matter? What is all this about? grumbled the men. "Lord bless us! what can it be? squaled the women.

"There cannot be a finer or stronger little boy in the

"varsal world," said Mrs. Gregory: "but, Lord help us," continued she, unable longer to contain her overcharged grief, "it's—not so—so white as it should be!"

"Not white?" exclaimed every one of the company simultaneously.

"No—O Lord, no!" answered Mrs. Gregory, "God's will be done! but the dear little boy is—is—is quite black!"

"Black! black!" echoed from every quarter of the apartment.

"As black as your hat, if not blacker," replied Mrs. Gregory.

"Oh! Oh—h!" groaned Mr. Washington.

"Oh! Oh—h!" responded Mrs. Gregory.

"Blood and ouns!" said the lieutenant—"See how I am shaking," said the midwife, taking up a large glass of potsheen and drinking it off to settle her nerves.

Sufficient could be gathered to demonstrate that young master Washington had not one white, or even gray spot on his entire body, and that some frizzled hair was already beginning to show itself on his little pate; but that no nurse could be found who would give him a drop of nourishment, even were he famishing—all the women verily believing that, as Mrs. Washington was herself an unexceptionable wife, it must be the son of the d—l by a dream, and nothing else than an imp.

Never was there such a buzz and hubbub in any neighborhood as now took place in and about the town of Castle Durrow.

Mr. Washington and the lieutenant were by no means at ease upon the subject of this freak of Nature.

Lieutenant Palmer was of course high in blood for the honor of his sister, and Mr. Washington cock-a-whoo for the character of his wife.

The father and uncle decided calmly and properly to lay the whole affair before a consultation of doctors, to know if it was not a regular *imagination mark*.

All the doctors in the neighborhood were called in to the consultation. Old Butler the farrier (heretofore mentioned,) came with all expedition to Dureen, and begged leave to give his opinion and offer his services, wishing to see Master Washington before the doctors arrived, as he had a secret for turning any skin ever so brown as white as milk!

On seeing Master Washington, however, he declared he was *too black entirely* for his medicines, or any body else's.

The first point stated and unanimously agreed on, was, "that the child was black." The reasons for that color being universal on the young gentleman, were not quite so clear. At length Dr. Bathron, finding he had the lead, declared with great gravity that he had read many authors upon the subject of *marks*, and could take upon himself positively to assert that the child was (according to all authority on such matters) a *casus omissus*. The others, not being exactly sure either of the shape, size, or color, of a *casus omissus*, thought it better to *accede* to what they did not *comprehend*, and all subscribed to the opinion that the child was a *casus omissus*.

Dr. Bathron, however, having by search of old book-stalls in Dublin, (whether he went for the purpose,) found an ancient treatise, translated from the work of the high German Doctor Cratorious (who flourished in the fourteenth century,) on *skinning* certain parts of the body to change the color or complexion, or effectually to disguise criminals who had escaped from prison—by which means, likewise, disfiguring marks, freckles, moles, &c. might be removed,—decided, that if this could be done partially, why not on the entire body, by little and little, and not skinning one spot till the last should be healed? He therefore stated to Mr. Washington, and all the good family of Dureen, that he would take upon himself to *whiten* the child—as he was perfectly satisfied the black skin was merely the outside, or *scarf-skin*, and that the real skin and flesh underneath was the same as every body else's.

The mode of operating was now the subject of difficul-

ty. It was suggested, and agreed on, to call in Mr. Knaggs, the doctor of Mount Meleck.

The state of practice in Ireland suggested but two ways of performing this notable operation—one purely surgical, the other *surgico-medical*: namely, either by gradually flaying with the knife, or by blisters."

Most people inclined to the blister, but the doctors, conceiving a blister might not rise regularly, and would, in that case, leave the child piebald, determined, as a first experiment, to try both. Accordingly, a strong blister, two inches by three, was placed on the child's right arm, and being properly covered, remained there without inflicting any torture for above an hour. The left arm was reserved for the scalpel and forceps, and the operator entertained no doubt whatever of complete success.

The mode he pursued was very *scientific*; he made two parallel slashes as deep as he could in reason, about three inches down the upper part of the arm, and a cross one, to introduce the forceps and strip the loose black skin off, when he could snip it away at the bottom, and leave the white or rather red flesh underneath to generate a new skin, and show the proper colouring for a god-child of General Washington.

All eyes were now riveted to the spot. The women cried in an under key to Master George, who roared.

"Hush, hush, my dear," said the Doctor, "you don't know what's good for you, my little innocent!" whilst he applied the forceps, to strip off the skin like a *surtout*. The skin was tight; and would not come away cleverly with the first tug, as the doctor had expected; nor did any thing *white* appear, though a sufficiency of red blood manifested itself.

The doctor was greatly surprised. "I see," said he "it is somewhat deeper than we had conceived. We have not got deep enough." Another gash, on each side; but the second gash had no better success. Doctor Bathron seemed desperate; but conceiving that in so young a subject one short cut—be it ever so deep—could do no harm, his hand shook, and he gave the scalpel its full force, till he found it touch the bone. The experiment was now complete; he opened the wound, and starting back, affected to be struck with horror, threw down his knife, stamped and swore the child was in fact either the devil or a *lusus Naturæ*, for that he could see the very bone, and the child was actually black to the bone, and the bone black also, and that he would not have taken a thousand guineas to have given a single gash to a thing which was clearly supernatural—actually dyed in grain. He appeared distracted; however, the child's arm was bound up a good poultice put over it, the blister hastily removed from the other arm, and the young gentleman, fortunately for Doctor Bathron, recovered from the scarification, and lived with an old dry-nurse for four or five years. He was then killed by a cow of his father's horning him, and died with the full reputation of having been a devil in reality, which was fully corroborated by a white sister.

WINTER.

Winter! I love thee, for thou com'st to me,
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,
Books that with bards and solitude agree,
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.
What though the meadows, and the neighb'ring hills,
That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,
That charm'd our ears, and gratified our eyes,
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?
What though the zephyrs of the summer tide,
And all the softer beauties of the year,
Are fled and gone, kind heaven has not denied
Our books and studies, music, conversation,
And evening parties for our recreation;
And these suffice, for seasons snatch'd away,
Till spring leads forth the slowly-length'ning day.

Anon.

MISCELLANY.

A LADY LIEUTENANT.

A whimsical case occurred last week in Paris. A young officer was brought before the Correctional Police, and on being interrogated who and what he was, answered, very much to the astonishment of all present: "My name is Constantine Catharine Raffoux, aged 17, lately an officer in the Belgian service."

The crime of which the lady was accused was wearing several knightly decorations without a title thereto;—such as the Belgian Lion, the Polish Eagle, and the Cross of July. When called upon for her defence, she said, crying bitterly—

"If the things of which I am accused are as grave as you say, I request you to believe that they are merely the results of imprudence. You will, I know, inquire why I am thus dressed, and do not appear in the habiliments of my own sex. The facts are these: Though young and a female, the love of my country and that liberty which all good citizens so well defended during our glorious days, electrified me. When I heard the sound of cannon, I regretted that I was a woman, and prevented by sex from doing as much as others.

"You know, gentlemen, that a short time after our revolution, another of a similar character broke out in Belgium. The same desire of liberty induced me to assume male habiliments, with a view of concealing my weakness under such a disguise. I went to Belgium, and more than one person worthy of credit, who went there as I did, will attest to you that I gave the lie to all assertions of female weakness. Arming myself with all the courage of which I am susceptible, and thinking of my own dear country, my feeble hand defended and avenged the friends of Belgian liberty, as it would have done, and will still do, if the freedom of my own native land is attacked.

On my return to Paris, though I did not wish to give up my male dress, which I had been accustomed to wear, and which is most suitable to my taste, I had no desire to act against the laws. I therefore resolved to reassume the habits of my own sex, till I found that they did not become me. I went accordingly to the Prefect of Police, and obtained from him permission to wear the clothes in which I now appear. As for the decorations I have assumed, I trust, gentlemen, that your indulgence will induce you to attribute that fault to youthful vanity; and some of that national pride which may be pardonable at my age. The confinement I have already suffered in expiation of this offence will, I hope, incline you to find in the short and true account of myself that I have just given, sufficient motives to restore me to liberty. My counsel is, besides, charged with the task of demonstrating more eloquently than I can do, if you deem it necessary, that my taste, and no corrupt feeling, has brought me before you."

The Advocate who appeared on behalf of the Crown pressed punishment but lightly, and the lady's counsel confirmed all her statements. He said that her military propensities were so strongly developed, that a medical man, Dr. Mare, physician to the King, had pronounced her to be in a state *exaltation martiale*. He mentioned some of her exploits, one of which was the taking of a citadel at the head of a party of Belgians, for which she was made Lieutenant.

The Court was ungallant enough to imprison her for a week.

Chateaubriand, the author of the "Genius of Christianity," was recently arrested at his lodgings in HELL Street!!

From the Adventures of a Younger Son.

REMARKABLE FURY IN A HORSE.

"My first impression of its being some one in pursuit subsided, on discovering that I was between it and the tower. I endeavored to distinguish what it was, but all I could see was a silvery cloud of sand rising in a bright circle, and a dark object, at intervals, discernable. I mounted, and galloped towards it. As I advanced, I saw it was a horse running incessantly in a round. I went on, and amid the clouds of sand, I saw that the lunging and plunging of the horse was every instant more violent. My own threw up his crest, replied to his loud neighings, and pressed on: but, on approaching the object, my astonishment was raised to the highest pitch at a voice hailing me, and at beholding a man, in cavalry uniform, half covered with sand, while the sweat and blood were trickling down from his close cropped poll to his forehead and face. I shouted out,—‘What is the matter?’ when the horse came towards me. His large eye and expanded nostrils were of deep crimson, and the blood from several gashes on his head, neck, and flanks, mingled with the foam on his bright black skin. With erect mane and tail, and open mouth, he came to within a few yards of me. I pulled up and drew my sabre. He then wheeled round, and making several circles within each other in rapid motion, he flung out his hind legs at the prostrate soldier, whose sword defended him with difficulty. The horse endeavored to avoid being cut by alertness and rapidity. The saddle and housings, lying by the man, in some measure protected him. On being foiled in striking with his hind feet, the horse turned round short on his haunches, and, with startling ferocity plunged in head foremost; like a tiger striking with his fore feet right out, and even trying to get hold of the man with his teeth.

Here was a revolution—the horse attempted to kill his rider, and using his armed hoofs against his head! In compliance with my spirit of freedom, I should have aided the horse, or remained neuter; but instinct compelled me to side with the biped. Pushing to the rescue, I endeavored to get between the two, but it was no easy matter; for the horse made no attack on me; on the contrary, he used every effort to avoid my interference. I hallooed, and tried to drive him off. He retreated a hundred yards, when as once or twice, I was dismounting to succor the apparently exhausted man, he returned to the charge. However, from exertion and loss of blood, he waxed weak and less wary; so that, after many abortive attempts I succeeded in ham-stringing him. He now gave one loud bellow, and strove with a staggering gait, to gallop off, frequently falling. I followed, and had several cuts at him, till faint from loss of blood, he fell, unable to rise.

I left him there, and went back to the man who seemed in little better condition than the horse. All I could distinguish, in answer to my speaking to him, was—“Water!—water!—water!”—but I had none, nor was there any near us. The man's mouth was clotted, almost cemented with blood and sand; I wiped it and his nostrils with my jacket. Partly by signs, and partly by words, he directed me to open the holsters on his saddle. I did so, and found old Falstaff's substitute for a pistol, a bottle—not indeed of sack, but—of arrack. I gave him some, and rubbed his face and head with the remainder. This restored him, when I asked him to get up and ride my horse, till we should arrive at some hut. He waved his hand and said,

“No! I have had enough of horses to-day.”

“Well, will you walk?”

“How can I?” he replied, “my leg and my left arm

are cracked; or you would not have found me beaten by that brute. If you had not come up, he would have finished me. I was nearly done. I never heard of such a thing before, though I have been a rough rider to the regiment for sixteen years, and crossed all sorts and breeds of cross grained cattle. Never, till now, could one throw me from his back, without rearing, on a clean field. Then to come in upon me, like a wild beast, with hoof and tooth!—he must be mad. I hope you have killed him."

Dungaree was the nearest village. I mounted, rode thither, pressed a palanquin into service, and returned to the soldier. He was in great pain, but calmer. He told me the horse belonged to the colonel of the regiment. He had been purchased at a great price, of an Arab; was quiet at first, but afterward became so vicious and violent that none could mount him. "I," he continued, "undertook to tame him, or kill him, I have done my best, I tried in vain to work down his metal; he was not to be beaten. Deprived of his food, he was only the more furious, and watched, with wonderful cunning, every occasion of kicking and biting me. Once he got hold of me by the back, and lifted me into his manger; and if I had not been tolerably strong, and assisted by others, he would have killed me. Whenever I rode him, he used every artifice to throw me; which he had never been able to achieve till to-day, when, by violent lungings and lashing out, he worked the saddle down to his loins, and in that situation set off at full speed, and succeeded in shaking me off. As I was lying doubled up, he broke my arm, and I believe, my leg. Then, after going a short distance, he stopped, and wheeled round to renew the blow; I had, with great difficulty drawn my sword; and till you, sir, came up, which was but a few minutes, he was attacking me in the way you found him. Though I had wounded him with my sabre in many places, the devil only grew more savage. I was frightened more at his looks than at any thing else; and I do verily believe sir, he was the devil."

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

Covent Garden, April 23.—First night of the *Tartar Witch*. The first contretemps was the measuring her length on the floor by Miss Taylor, after the most approved Inverarity fashion! An inanimate being is raised to life by a spell, but first rises through a trap, whereon, for a time, he lies dormant; the spell is spoken, the gentleman rises—as much as he can, for he is literally *trapped*; he is firmly fixed by his inexpressibles to the earth! Peals of laughter welcomed his semi-resuscitation, which it will be conceived were not diminished when he nobly, to fulfil the spell, sacrificed his garments, and with the general eachinnations and sibilations mingled the sound of their ruthless rending! A platform covered with people, which should have sunk through the earth near the conclusion of the piece, only kept curtsying, as it were, to the audience, till at last, one side of it giving way, one of the gentry who stood upon an extreme end of it was so completely jolted off his balance that he fell upon his neighbor, and he again on his next, so that that the whole regiment were laid sprawling upon each other like a pack of cards, amidst the almost deafening peals of the spectators.

King's Theatre, April 24.—I went to see Mademoiselle Heberle's *début*; and one act of *Elizabetta* having preceded the pastoral divertissement in which she appeared, the coulisses were thronged with youths of Arcady, Elizabethian maids of honor, sylphs, and beef-eaters!

Drury Lane, April 24.—I was in time to pay my respects to the *Magic Car*, and observed that one set of messieurs were the slaves of a fairy queen, the attendants of an earthly man, (rival, too, to the former,) and the pil-

grims of a caravan! There was not the slightest variation of their costume in any of these strongly contrasted callings! Miss Foucet should have been suddenly transformed by the transforming waters into a being the reverse of beautiful, so she ran off the stage, and the being ran on with an ugly face and black petticoat, which, flying open in its gesticulations, discovered that not only her appearance, but her sex were changed!—or else that she had donned a modern pair of black trousers!

An Antwerp Journal contains the following amusing account of a recent duel in that neighborhood:—

"On arriving at the ground the two principals, who were to fight with pistols, entered into a parley. 'Come,' said one of them, 'nothing remains but to measure the distance.' 'I will fight at any distance you please,' replied his adversary, 'but if either of us is wounded, there will be an end of the affair, and we may declare ourselves mutually satisfied.' 'Never,' said the first; 'one of us must remain upon the ground.' 'Then you may remain by yourself,' replied the doughty combatant, 'for I have business which calls me away.' With this colloquy, the affair terminated, and the parties separated without effusion of blood."

MAGNETIC ROCKS.—The magnetic influence of certain rocks on the compass is a phenomenon well known to navigators. At Cape Horn a remarkable instance of this was found by Captain King, in his late survey of South America. It is stated by this officer, that on some observations with the compass, he had occasion to place it on a piece of rock, and found to his astonishment, that the influence of the rock reversed the poles of the needle. On examination, the rock was found to be composed of quartz with large and numerous crystals of hornblende. The block was of course preserved by Captain King, and it is now lodged in the Museum of the Geological Society.

PENNY PUBS.—The new *Penny Magazine* is a very various and agreeable contemporary. With regard to the fuss now making about the low priced periodicals (as we shall probably have to take up the subject,) all we shall say is, that except for political and party purposes, they seem to be incapable of doing much mischief. In a literary point of view, they are most of them well worth their pence, and their influence is in proportion to their cost. A penn'orth, or two penn'orth of criticism is a bargain; and readers ought not to require too much where the stake is so small.—*London. Lit. Gaz.*

CHOLERA.—The following extracts from a history of this distemper, fall in with the general expectation, and encourage us to hope that the progress of the disease will be suspended by our winter weather.

In 1821, the pestilence passed on the river beyond Bagdad, but seemed to die away at the approach of winter.

In September 1823, it reached Astrachan, and continued to show itself till arrested by the winter. The following summer it did not re-appear.

In 1829, it appeared in Ispahan. At the coming of winter it ceased, but the next summer it re-appeared in those Provinces of Russia, north of Teheran.

In 1831, it spread in Russia. As the winter advanced the disorder seemed to fade away on the continent of Europe, when it unexpectedly appeared at Sunderland.

DISPERSION OF THE JEWS.—The Russian government, from a desire, we presume, still farther to enforce the scriptural curse against this people, has gradually removed three hundred and four Jewish families, consisting of two thousand individuals, to the wilds of Siberia; thus absolutely compelling them to spread themselves in regions which have no temptations to voluntary settlers.

A LONDON FUNERAL.

Nothing can better illustrate the folly and uselessness of employing hired mourners at funerals, than the following dialogue alleged to have taken place in London on one of these occasions. There are few, if any, who can refrain from a smile, and many will burst into a broad grin, at the non-chalance, not to say utter heartlessness, and want of respect in the two speakers introduced.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MUTES, AT THE DOOR OF A "HOUSE OF MOURNING."

The following vernacular specimen is, we are aware, rather low; but as we are not, on the point, quite in accordance with Goldsmith's man that kept a bear, we have chosen to insert it for its illustration of character. It is, we understand, the faithful transcription of a dialogue overheard to take place in one of the streets of London about four months since, and appeared in the "Original" a new English periodical. The names of the speakers are not given as real:

Muggins—What a precious time them people inside keep us waiting here! I'm blow'd if my toes is'n't every bit as cold as a corpse's nose! [Stamps with his feet.]

Graves—Hush! hush! there's the woman in the two pair opposite a watching us. We must look particular.

Muggins—Why, the man wot's died here warn't no such great things. A green grocer! Pack o' garden stuff!

Graves—Where's the odds! They don't mind paying on us; and things ought to be done decent, that's my motto.

Muggins—Ay, ay! you know very well how to gammon. You're up to "Queer street," Master Graves (with a knowing wink.) But say, what a jolly day we had of it last Thursday, at old Moneypenny's. That was something like a job.

Graves—Yes, but the nuss seed you out of the wonder a grinning, and took and told the missus of it, and might have made a row, only I said it was Punch a going by as made you laugh.

Muggins—Ha, ha, ha! I likes a bit o'fun. Where's the good of a man looking as if his trade didn't agree with him!

Graves—Come, I say, no larkin' now. There's 'em at number height a lookin' out upon us. Stand square, mate.

Muggins—Ay, ay, toes out, chin up, and eyes down. What are they at inside with the old 'un, I wonder, that they han't got him ready for his close coach yet! Precious dry job this—how I should like a drop o' summat short! I wish Bill would come out; I'd get him to hold my staff, while I run into Barwell's, at the corner there.

Graves—It arn't no use just now. You can lush by and by.

Muggins—And so I will, my tulip.

Graves—They say this here cholera morbus is come to London.

Muggins—I'm in the right box, at any rate, for one. Brandy and 'bacco they say are the best anecdotes against it.

Graves—People makes a great to-do about it; but it's good for trade.

Muggins—Have you heard of this new Burking business wot's turned up? Two old women of Petticoat lane, a four year old young 'un belongin' to a 'tao dealer, and a stray hold blind beggar o' Bethnal-green.

Graves—Shocking doings, Muggins! terrible bad for trade.

Muggins—Never was sich times. [Hiccups.]

Graves—Another bad look out, Muggins, is thi here rum start of people a given' up theirselves arte: they're dead into the hands o' them there cuttin' coves the surgeons. There's a harmy man, Colonel Jones and Mister Natthews, the play hactor man—let alone a Royal Duke, and a lot besides. I suppose they wan- to do the undertaker. I dun'know what other people thinks, but I calls it cheatin' the honest tradesmen, that's all.

Muggins—Mortal long job this. I take it the old chap must have left a bit o'money now, or there wodn't be quite sich a posse on'em inside, and pack o' cere- mony.

Graves—Here's Sadboy a comin' to call up the coaches.

Muggins—That's your sort, Sadboy—tip 'em the office, for it's time to be toddlin', my trump. Here's the hearse cattle will get the rumatiz. Confound that there old woman over the way; she's a squintin' at us still. [Makes a face at her.]

Graves—Come, no larkin' now, Muggins. Fudge up your funeral face.

[The coaches draw up, the door opens, the mourners are conducted into their seats, and the procession gravely moves on.]

From the Exeter News Letter.

CURIOS WILLS.

There are certain solemn and impressive associations connected with the "Last Will and Testament" of any human being. When a person is preparing a document of this description, and pointing out the manner in which he wishes his property to be disposed of after death, it must come feelingly home to his bosom that in a few years, perhaps days, he will cease to exist; and that men, in speaking of him, will say "he was."

One would naturally suppose that at such a time no symptoms of *levity* would be exhibited; and that the last place to look for a receptacle of jokes would be in the Will of a deceased person—neither would we expect to find there evidence of uncharitableness, a hardened heart, or unforgiving disposition.

That such unchristian feelings sometimes predominate, when a man is preparing this important paper, which is only to be read after his decease, we think the following curious abstracts from original Wills found in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, (Eng.) will clearly show:

George Applebee, late Rector of St. Bridge's London, proved Aug. 7, 1783: "My body after being dressed in a flannel waistcoat instead of a shirt, an old surtout coat and breeches without linings or pockets, an old pair of stockings—shoes, I shall want none, (having done walk-ing) and a worsted wig, if one can be got, I desire may be decently interred."

Stephen Swaine, late of Olave, Southwark, proved Feb. 1770. "I give and bequeath unto ———, and Mary his wife, the sum of sixpence a piece, to buy them a halter, for fear the sheriffs should not be provided."

William Brackett, Esq. late governor of Plymouth, proved Oct. 1782. "I desire my body may be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and, that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I also make this further request, to my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

William Williams, late of the Island of Jamaica, Esq. deceased, proved Oct. 21, 1768. "I give and bequeath to that most abandoned, wicked, vile, detestable rogue and imposter, who has assumed, and now does, or lately did go, by the name of ———, pretending to be a son of mine, one shilling only, to buy him a halter, wherewith to hang himself, being what he hath for a long, a very long time past deserved from the law, and hands of the hangman, for his great and manifold villar. ss."

John Goss, late of the city of Bristol, mariner, deceased, proved May 19, 1796. "Mr. Executrix to pay out of the first monies collected unto my beloved wife, Hester Goss (if living) the sum of one shilling, which I give her as a token of my love, to buy hazelnuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them, than she is in mending the holes in her stockings."

John Davis, late of Clapham, Surry, woollen manufacturer, deceased, proved Jan. 24, 1783. "I give and bequeath unto Mary — (daughter of Peter Delaport) the sum of five shillings, which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk with, for the last time at my expense; and I give the like sum of five shillings, to Charles Peter, (the son of the said Mary) who I am reputed to be the father of, but never had, or never shall have any reason to believe."

MEETING OF A TIGER AND STAG.

The following experiment was made by his royal highness the late Duke of Cumberland, to ascertain the true and natural instinctive courage of the stag, when opposed to an enemy of the most formidable and terrific description: To effect this, one of the ablest stags in Windsor Forest was enclosed in an area formed upon a selected spot near the lodge, and surrounded with a remarkably strong net toiling, full fifteen feet high. This operation took place in sight of Ascot Heath races, so that thousands were present upon the occasion. When every thing was prepared, and the stag parading in majestic consternation at the assemblage of people around the network, a trained ounce or hunting tiger, was led in, hoodwinked, by the two blacks that had the care of him, and who, upon a signal, set him and his eyes at liberty. Perhaps so general a silence never prevailed among so many thousands of spectators as at that moment, when the slightest aspirations of a breeze might have been distinctly heard. The ounce, taking one general survey, instantly caught sight of the deer, and crouching down on his belly, contrived to creep exactly in the manner of a cat drawing up to a mouse, watching to dart upon it with safety. The stag, however, most warily, steadily and sagaciously turned as he turned; and this strange and desperate antagonist found himself dangerously opposed by the threatenings of his formidable brow antlers. In vain did the ounce attempt every manœuvre to turn his flanks; the stag possessed two much generalship to be foiled upon the terra firma of his native country, by a foreign invader. His cautious warfare continuing so long as to render it tedious, and probably to protract the time of starting the horses on the race ground, his royal highness inquired if by irritating the ounce, the catastrophe might not be hastened! — He was answered, it probably might prove dangerous, or be attended with disagreeable consequences; but it was ordered to be done, upon which the keepers proceeded very near the ounce and did as they were directed; when immediately without attacking the deer, with a most furious and elastic bound, he sprang at and cleared the toiling that enclosed them; landing amidst the clamours, shouts, and affrighted screams of the multitude, who fled in every direction, each male and female thinking themselves the destined victim of the ounce's rage, who, nevertheless, regardless of their persons, crossed the road, and rushed into the opposite wood, where he fastened upon the haunch of one of the fallow deer, and brought him to the ground. His keepers, to whom he was perfectly familiarized, hesitated for some time to go near him; at length, however, they mustered resolution to approach, and cutting the deer's throat, separated the haunch which he had seized, and led him away with it in his mouth.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

HISTORICAL EPITAPH.—On a tombstone, in the eastern part of the state of Massachusetts, is the following epitaph:—

To the mem'ry of Johnny and Molly Madere,
A whale killed him, and she lies here.

NOTES OF A UNIVERSAL READER.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

Charles Banister was one evening presiding at a convivial party, when a friend said to him, "You will ruin your constitution by sitting up at night in this manner." "Oh," replied Banister, "you do not know the nature of my constitution; I sit up to watch it, and keep it in repair, while you are asleep."

Persons subject to drowsiness when reading in the evening may find a radical preventative to this baffling tendency by taking an onion cut through the middle and placed near the eyes. Some involuntary tears of course are produced by the process, but it leaves the eyeballs refreshed and dispels the sleepy heaviness.

ON A GLUTTON WITH A VERY LARGE MOUTH.

Here lies a famous belly slave,
Whose mouth was wider than a grave,
Traveller, tread lightly o'er his ashes,
For should he gape you're gone by gracious.

IN GRANTHAM CHURCH YARD.

John Polfreyman, who is buried here,
Was aged four and twenty year;
And near this place his mother lies,
Likewise his father—when he dies.

"But wont you take my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next?" said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had had some sharp words. "No, sir," rejoined the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

THE PLAGUE.

Disease is but a messenger
To warn th' unwary traveller,
To bid the weary hasten on
To rest, and joys, on earth unknown.

Disease is not a prophet sear,
T' unfold a judgment seat as near,
To antedate sin's punishment,—
But merely says repent! repent!—

Disease is sent by Heaven's decree
To sinners such as you and me,
To loose the soul from sinful strife
And woo it back to love of life.

Disease may be employed by death
To waste the form and stop the breath,—
But Death, nor Sin, nor Hell may crave
The soul Jehovah deigns to save.

PERSEVERANCE.—"I recollect," says Sir Jonah Barrington, in "Queen's county, to have seen a Mr. Clark, who had been a working carpenter, and when making a bench for the session justices at the court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, that he did so to make it easy for himself, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon—and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable and kind hearted. He succeeded in his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed."

THE TRAVELLER.

A YEAR IN NEW ZEALAND,

By Mr. Earle.

I witnessed a specimen of their summary method of executing justice. A chief residing in the village had proof of the infidelity of one of his wives; and being perfectly sure of her guilt, he took his patoo-patoo (or stone hatchet) and proceeded to his hut, where this wretched woman was employed in household affairs. Without mentioning the cause of his suspicion, or once upbraiding her, he deliberately aimed a blow at her head, which killed her on the spot; and as she was a slave, he dragged the body to the outside of the village, and there left it to be devoured by the dogs. The account of this transaction was soon brought to us, and we proceeded to the place to request permission to bury the body of the murdered woman, which was immediately granted. Accordingly, we procured a couple of slaves, who assisted us to carry the corpse down to the beach, where we interred it in the most decent manner we could. This was the second murder I was very nearly a witness to since my arrival; and the indifference with which each had been spoken of, induced me to believe that such barbarities were events of frequent occurrence; yet the manners of all seemed kind and gentle towards each other; but infidelity in a wife is never forgiven here; and, in general, if the lover can be taken, he also is sacrificed along with the adulteress. Truth obliges me to confess that, notwithstanding these horrors staring them in the face, they will, if opportunity offers, indulge in an intrigue.

But worse remains behind. The New Zealanders have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been a witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors! One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority, (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret,) that in the adjoining village a female slave, named Matowe, had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Atoi had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl whom he said was a slave that had ran away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner: A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which

had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them, actually laughing: he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours! Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance, it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality. Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for, as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sun-set. We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—‘For,’ said he, ‘I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and

shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it: a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and the same dog we had seen with the head, now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept around the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast; this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pick axe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view,—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work, clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven.

And when they were gone, the natives disinterred their favorite dish and ate it; for the next day our old friend King George paid us a long visit, and we talked over the affair very calmly. He highly disapproved of our conduct. "In the first place," said he, "you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives, and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten"—a fact I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave, and finding it empty. King George further said, "It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. I myself," added he, "have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in England for thieves and runaways? We answered, "After trial, flogging or hanging." "Then," he replied, "the only difference in our laws is, you

flog and hang, but we shoot and eat." After thus proving us, he became very communicative on the subject of cannibalism. He said, he recollects the time prior to pigs and potatoes being introduced into the island (an epoch of great importance to the New Zealanders,) and stated that he was born and reared in an inland district, and the only food they then had consisted of fern roots and kumera; fish they never saw, and the only flesh he then partook of was human.

The scene (continues Mr. E.) I have just described, brings into consideration the subject of slavery, as it now exists in New Zealand. That slavery should be the custom of savage nations and cannibals, is not a cause of wonder: they are the only class of human beings it ought to remain with. Here slavery assumes its most hideous shape. Every one they can effect a seizure of in an enemy's country becomes the slave of the captors. Chiefs are never made prisoners; they either fight till the last, or are killed on the spot, and their heads are preserved, by a peculiar method, as trophies. Children are greatly prized: these they bring to their dwellings, and they remain slaves for life. Upon the number of slaves a chief can muster he takes his rank as a man of wealth and consequence in society; and the only chance these wretched beings have of being released from their miseries, is their master getting into a rage, and murdering them without further ceremony. On entering a village, a stranger instantly discovers which portion of its inhabitants are the slaves, though both the complexion and the dresses of all are alike. The *free* Zealander is a joyous, good humoured-looking man, full of laughter and vivacity, and is chattering incessantly; but the slaves have invariably a squalid, dejected look; they are never seen to smile, and appear literally half starved. The beauties characteristic of a New Zealander are his teeth and hair; the latter, is his pride and study; but the slaves have their heads half shorn. The male slave is not allowed to marry; and any intercourse with a female, if discovered, is generally punished by death. Never was there a body of men so completely cut off from all society as these poor slaves; they never can count, with certainty, on a single moment of life, as the savage caprice of their master may instantly deprive them of it. If, by chance a slave should belong to a kind and good master, an accident happening to him or any of his family will probably prove equally fatal to the slave, as some are generally sacrificed on the death of a chief. Thus these poor slaves are deprived of every hope and stimulus by which all other classes and individuals are animated; no good conduct of theirs towards their master, no attachment to his person or family, no fidelity or long service can insure kind treatment. If the slave effect his escape to his own part of the country, he is there treated with contempt; and when he dies, if a natural death, his body is dragged to the outside of the village, there to be made sport of by the children, or to furnish food for the dogs! But more frequently his fate is to receive a fatal blow, in a fit of passion, and then be devoured by his brutal master! Even the female slaves, who, if pretty, are frequently taken as wives by their conquerors, have not a much greater chance of happiness, all being dependent upon the caprice of their owners.

All this is very horrible; but we ourselves, a refined, a religious, an enlightened people,—we would not commit nor hear of such atrocities among ourselves!

ON A WIFE.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket
But dead as a door nail, God be thanked.

THE ARIEL,

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

The new Argand lamps recently placed in Chestnut street between 10th and 12th, deserve particular notice. They give out twice as much light as those usually employed, and burn very little more oil. We understand they were placed there by private subscription of the neighbors, the average cost to each householder being but three or four dollars. Why cannot other neighborhoods imitate so good an example? The city ought to do it: but, if they will not, let us enlighten the corporation. In places where new buildings are going up, lime houses filling the street, and broken pavements are so annoying to the foot passenger, the light from the old-fashioned lamps is by no means sufficient.

"For true charity
Though ne'er so secret finds a just reward."

We have just returned from a visit to the temporary receptacle for children whose parents have died by the Cholera, in Library street. Several ladies we found engaged in the duties of nurses, and in making up clothes for the orphans, most of whom however, have been sent to the establishment in Moyamensing. A very sick baby was found after its mother's death in the charge of its father, who was humanely bringing it up on apples and whiskey! The Mayor provides the house, and voluntary contributions have so far supplied the wants of the few inmates. The ladies deserve more credit than we can bestow for their disinterested labors.

Three as entertaining and instructive volumes as we have ever looked into, have just been issued by the Harpers in New York, entitled "The Lives of Celebrated Travellers." They are in fact an abridgement of numerous large folios, too large for a wheelbarrow, the essence of which is condensed into a space, and afforded at a price which is accessible to all.

LIFE INSURANCE.

In times like the present, it may not be irrelevant to call the attention of the public to the facilities which the Life Insurance and Annuity Company of this city furnish. The principle is the same as insurance against loss by fire. If the property of the insured is not destroyed, the premium may be said to be lost or thrown away; so if a man's life is not taken, he may say he has paid the rate of insurance for nothing; but most persons would probably consider the comfortable feeling it engenders during life, an ample remuneration. A person, say 25 years of age, may insure \$100 to his family in case of his death within one year from the time of insurance; and so for any greater sum or longer time; the older the person the higher the rate. It has been suggested to us that it would be a judicious exercise of benevolence for the humane to advance the small sum necessary to those who cannot spare a few dollars to secure their wives and children from the pecuniary distress that the sudden death of a parent may produce.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. M. Port Byron, N. Y. is received, and credited to No. 8, and the missing nos. sent.
L. H., Jamesville, N. Y. received and attended to.
W. H. S., Ramapo, received and credited.
A. D., East Avon, N. Y. received and credited.
D. R., South Woodstock, is rec'd and attended to.

THE SATURDAY BULLETIN,

A Family Newspaper of the very Largest Class, free from all political bias,
Published in Philadelphia every Saturday, by Morris & Greenbank,
No. 65 Chestnut Street,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

The Proprietors of the Saturday Bulletin take advantage of the enormous enlargement of their paper, to point attention to the merits of that highly popular Journal. It avows the ambitious aim of being the most *informing*, most *amusing*, and most *spiritied* of all Newspapers, and in particular of being the best Weekly Paper for respectable families, even offered to public patronage from the Philadelphia press. To establish this latter claim, the utmost care is taken to crowd into its ample columns every possible variety of new and interesting intelligence; and on the score of the talent, spirit, and real interest of its contents, combined with the beautiful white paper on which it is printed, the clear, new type, and its not being crowded with an abundance of advertisements, it is hoped it may claim admission to the parlors and libraries of all persons of education and taste. To those who do, as well as those who do not read the daily papers, the Saturday Bulletin will never lack novelty; every part being entirely original, or compiled in a manner to engage attention to even the least imposing portion of its contents. It is printed on a large imperial sheet of fine white paper, twenty-four columns in each number, and contains the news of the week down to the latest dates. The papers for subscribers in the Country are carefully packed in strong wrappers and put into the Post Office in time to leave the city by the mails of Saturday morning, so that by Saturday night, they may be received at offices one hundred and fifty miles distant from the city; while those who live within fifty or seventy miles, will receive them on the evening of Saturday.

General Plan of the Saturday Bulletin.

NEWS OF THE WEEK—Every useful fact and interesting occurrence, whether at home or abroad, carefully selected and logically arranged, with particular attention to the early insertion of late *Foreign news*.

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA—Exemplified in a series of well written and deeply interesting narratives under the title of the Town Tatler, affording pictures of real life never before communicated for publication.

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A NECDOTES AND GOSSIP—Under this head is furnished all the floating rumors of the day which are deemed proper for a newspaper.

THE MARKETS—This subject is peculiarly interesting to the country subscriber at all times, and in the present excited state of Europe, is of supreme importance. The most copious and accurate accounts will be given weekly, up to the latest moment, of any changes in the Flour and Grain Markets, including the prices of Wheat, Rye, Corn, Flaxseed, &c., Corn Meal, &c., Cotton, &c.

SELECT VARIETY—Consisting of the choicest and most captivating Tales and Sketches from Blackwood's Magazine, and other highly popular English publications, Poetry, &c.

POLICE REPORTS—Procured exclusively for this paper. These reports consist of cases at the Mayor's Office, and are generally of an exceeding humorous character, while all are invariably interesting. In these reports the country reader, though far removed from the busy scene, will have a bird's eye view of much that is daily transpiring in real life.

LAW REPORTS—The most prominent cases in all the Courts will be faithfully reported; reporters are regularly employed to furnish every thing that transpires.

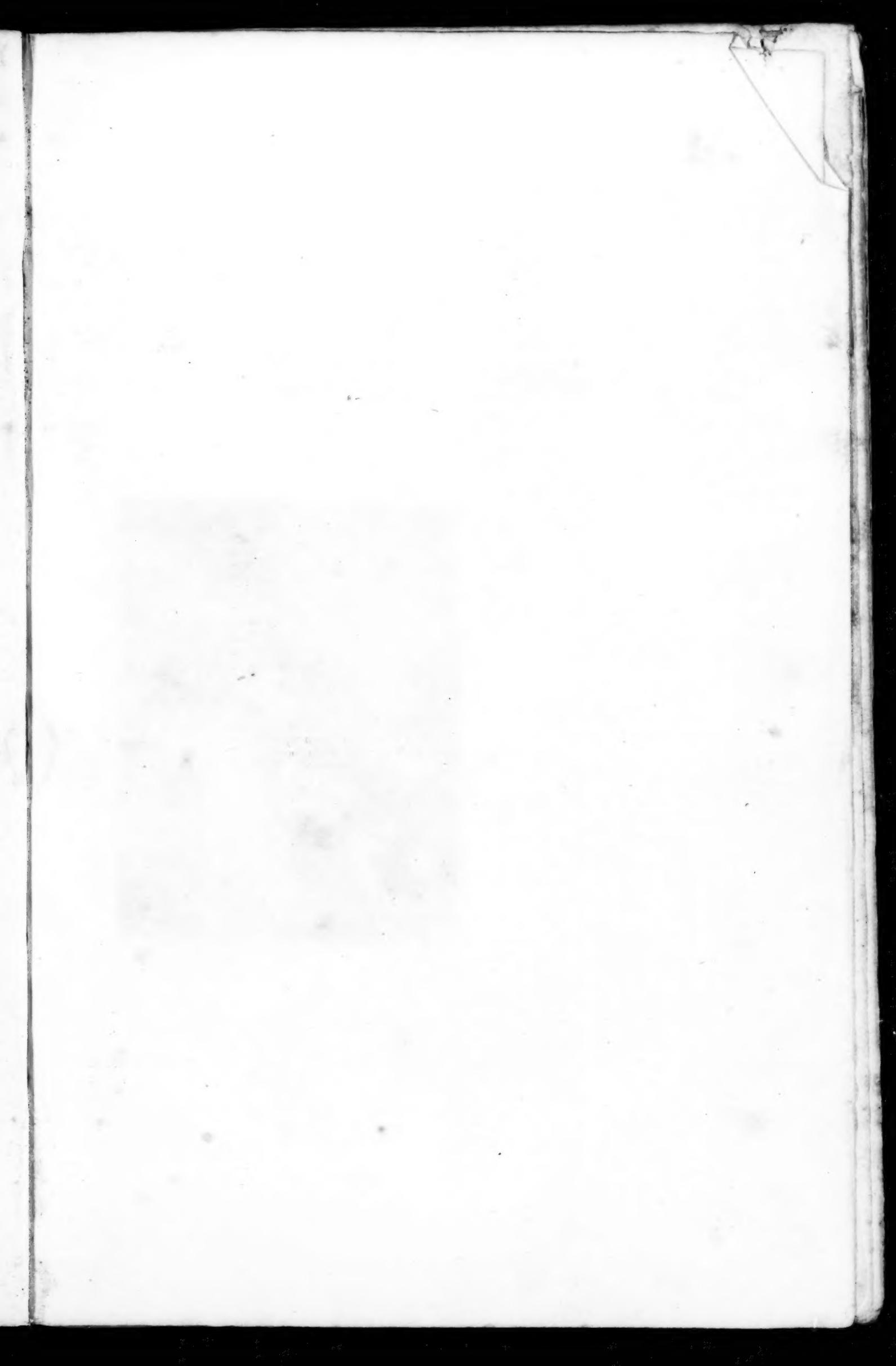
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.—A faithful list of Marriages and Deaths for the week.

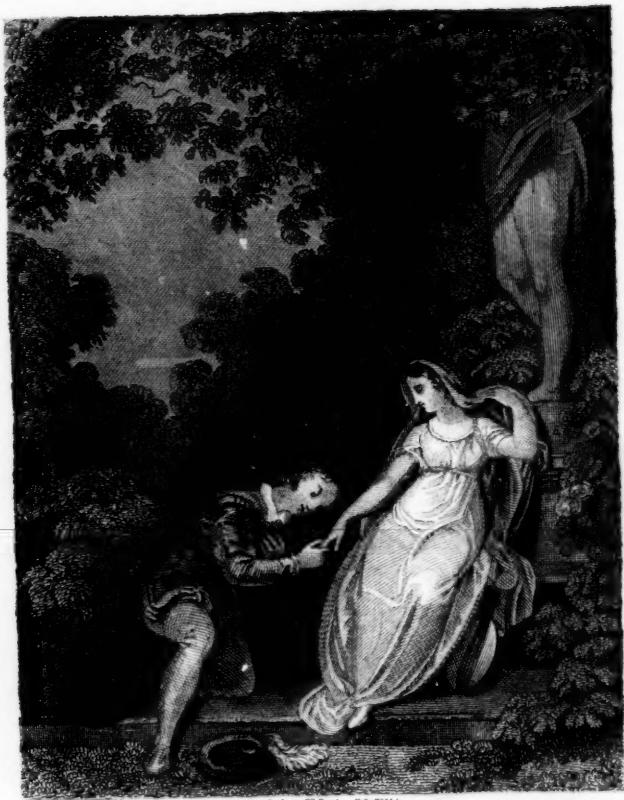
The Saturday Bulletin has been established about five years; and during that period, the patronage has been great beyond all parallel in the history of American Newspapers. Ten thousand subscribers are a sufficient recommendation to its merits. No Gazette, in fact, could be offered with more confidence to the Country resident. Numerous able writers assist the Editors in furnishing a larger amount of interesting *original matter* than is published in any other periodical of the kind; and nearly one thousand dollars are annually paid by the Editors to writers for this paper.

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Engraved by Edwin M. Ellis.

LOVER'S HAPPINESS